

**WARREN  
MAGAZINE**

**SIX CHILLINGLY ILLUSTRATED HORROR CLASSICS! WITH COLOR!**

# CREEPLY

vol. 2  
no. 6  
\$1.00

OCT. 1974

**A  
SMALL BOY'S  
PET...LURKS  
IN THE DARK.  
SPOOKY CELLAR!  
"BOWSER!"**



PLUS

**WAR, FAMINE, DISEASE AND DEATH PLAGUE HUMANITY  
IN A TOUCHING "EXCERPT FROM THE YEAR 5."**



NO! NO!  
HAVE I GOT  
AN *OGGY* OF  
GORGON DELIGHTS  
FOR YOU THIS  
ISSUE MY LITTLE  
FRIENDS?

COME WITH YOUR  
OLD *UNCLE CRAWLEY*  
AS I TELL YOU SIX  
TANTALIZING TALES  
OF TERROR.

YOU'LL MEET  
AN ABBEY OF  
DEADLY *MONKIES*.  
A HAPPY UNDEXTAKER.  
A HUNGRY *PET*. A  
*WALDOO* BUSH.  
AND A STRANGE  
FAMILY WHO MAKES  
A PECULIAR BLEND OF  
MEDICINE.

MY FIRST TALE  
TAKES US ON AN  
EXCURSION INTO THE  
NOT SO-FAR FUTURE...  
TO THE YEAR FIVE!

IT BEGINS AFTER  
THE FOLLOWING  
FOUR PAGES OF  
COMMERCIAL  
INTERUPTION!



**OUR COVER**  
A small boy's pet rat, content eating  
away dead and alive bodies. Ken Kuhl-  
denstein. This issue's color story, by  
Bob Carlson and Jim Simon. "Bower!"

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**CREEPY #67 PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT**  
**MARCH, JUNE AND OCTOBER BY WARREN**  
**PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL, SUBSCRIPTION**  
**AND BUSINESS OFFICES: 145 E. 32ND**  
**STREET, N.Y. 10016, TELEPHONE (212) 686-**  
**6080**

**SUBSCRIPTIONS: 8 ISSUES FOR \$15.00 IN**  
**THE U.S., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE \$12.00**

**SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW**  
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# CREEPY

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DEAR  
UNCLE  
CREEPY

**D**E CREEPY stories exceed the limits of good taste! This controversial question was posed by Michael Oliver in a lengthy missive published in our August issue. His letter generated so much response, that we are devoting our column this issue to that topic. The following are only a few of the many hundreds of thought-provoking letters received from our readers.

**M**ichael Oliver's letter in the August issue was indeed worthwhile and deserved more thought than you gave it.

It true that so-called "real" literature does not usually put limits on the amount of trash it feeds the public. But I've always thought of Warren as something special. The use of pornography to make your stories real is not necessary. Offending someone's religion by using the Lord's name in vain does not make your stories more true-to-life for your readers. And the use of too much gore doesn't either. Any comic company can make you sick if that is their goal. But Warren, and only Warren, can emotionally involve you in a horror story.

Keep up the good work, but try to keep down the gore and pornography.

ALAN RICHARD  
Humbleton, Iowa

## "Horror comics serve a magic-escape function."

Issue #64 was good. Damn good! Sort of an off-shoot for those science fiction enthusiasts that revolve around a single theme. It is a novel idea that worked well in the comics format.

I didn't read the story of the blinded, deaf and handless character in question but from the tone of his letter Mr. Oliver was offended.

Being a handicapped adult myself (Cerebral Palsy) I must admit to being desirous of pity at times. But I feel that's not real. You mean to say, Mr. Oliver, that you never feel blue? Is everything always right for you? I don't believe that!

Also, I don't object to a writer using a handicapped character as a villain or hero. I loved that *Hawaii Five-O* episode about the amputee-killer. I actually got a charge out of seeing a handicapped person playing the heavy.

True, the handicapped have been stereotyped in a certain way and there should be more anti-stereotyped handicaps portrayed as everyday people. But I see no harm in having a villain being disabled in some way.

Although I disagree with Mr. Oliver on this single point, I respect him for having spoken out. I hate it when people let someone else do their thinking for them. When that happens, censorship follows—simply because someone is too lazy to think for himself, or stand up for what he believes in.

RAYMOND J. BOWIE, JR.  
Somerville, Mass.

If Michael Oliver intends to write his religious remarks to say "bitch," bastard," damn," or "what may I ask in the Good-Lord's Name (no offense intended, Mike) do you have against 'Fev Chrissake'?" I'm actually puzzled.

Language ("shit," "for Chrissake," and "Oh, Jesus" included) is an essential part of realism. And horror magazines need all they can get. It's hard to be realistic about half-decayed flesh, murderous Zombies or ravenous werewolves grubbing their way in the dark.

Mike, if it's escape from reality you want, there's always *Mother Goose* and Dr. Seuss!

HAL MAHAFFEY  
Franklin, Penn.

I sadly agree with most of Michael Oliver's letter. Far too many issues of CREEPY in the past few years, have come off as being completely formulaized. While some literary critics in (*Archae*) Goodwood termed it as a story functioning on "multiple levels," the stories still leave much to be desired.

It's funny that you talk about hiring hacks if you only wanted to portray blood and violence. It's funny because no company ever claims to hire hacks.

While many of your artists do, in fact, have a great deal of sensitivity, as you call it, most do not. You've been using too many artists from the Esteban Maroto school of pretty-pictures-but-bad-story-flow. Lately I've been buying the Warren books just for the Rich Corben or Bernie Wrightson stories. I'm barely able to even skim over your other tales.

Mr. Oliver is correct, for the most part, when he refers to your use of needless violence and sex. I'm all for brutal, arty naked women, but only to further the storyline. Unfortunately, too many stories are hacked out with nude women thrown in to titillate. Physical violence (on all its graphic details) is tossed in to nauseate.

Violence for the most part, rarely, is depicted. Its suggestion is enough, because the mind is its own best artist.

I think that CREEPY is headed back on the right track, though. From a short year ago, when I looked forward to nothing, I now find myself awaiting, at least a color Corben story, and possibly something by Wrightson. That's two out of six.

HARVEY SOBEL  
Commack, N.Y.

I've just read my first CREEPY, at the age of 33, and was astounded by Michael Oliver's letter. I assume that any one buying a horror-themed comic in the first place is in an odd position to complain about the magazine being horrible.

I would also imagine that the parents of an amputee or deformed or mentally unstable youth would be downright sadistic to buy him any horror-themed magazine. It just isn't the market you'd want to reach. Or expect to.

I think Mr. Oliver has overlooked the magic-escape function of the magazine. It's only a magazine! We want to read CREEPY to escape a world that has more subtle and present horrors. If that were not enough, the quality of the artwork is so outstanding as to elevate the reaction. Fernando Fernandez' non-violent-maniac is a delight in black and white composition, and certainly less horrible than a flash and blood maniac simply because of the genius put into the frame by the artist!

More horrible more realistic horrors were painted by Francisco Goya! Should we then turn his canvases to the wall?

I suppose I'm writing because as a child I used to read horror comics. Then along came the do-gooders implying homosexual relationships between superheroes, and the effects of scary stories on growing children. And we lost, for a while, a really interesting and important media. So when I hear someone who wishes to okay horror to the extent that they aren't shocked if it not only a parody of horror, involves shock but somehow a threat!

Consider the bland quality of most American television programs, which strive to remain non-offensive to everyone!

Anyway, I am impressed with the really superior quality of your artists and found the storylines generally tight and effective—especially "Mates" and "High Time."

I might add that humor is an effective counterpoint to horror, each heightening the effect of the other. I teach creative writing. I wouldn't be ashamed to recommend your magazine to students trying to write a good tight story. I'm glad I found you!

I can't even add "Bring back Fraxetian" (Who is Fraxetia? Was Fraxetia?) Or how did CREEPY become an Uncle? Whoo!

MRS. HOWARD GENE  
Dallas, Texas



Horror wears many faces... the terrible visage of unfounded fantasy on a fright-wild face of incredulous reality. Horror wears new faces each and every issue of CREEPY.

## "Horror is subjective reality!"

What difference does it make if the dead girl did or did not have clothes on? The point is, she's dead. In some cases, it is better artistically if the figure is disrobed.

BOB ALLEN  
Laredo, Texas

This is in response to Michael Oliver's letter. He makes some valid points. So does Archie Goodwin in his reply.

Unfortunately like Mr. Oliver, I am worried that "excessive experimentation" may lead beyond the limits of decency.

I immensely enjoy the Warren magazines. I also enjoyed EC comics as a youngster. However, in the final analysis, EC carried their "straying" for new material too far! Extremism in any form of communication is an invitation to general public condemnation. I do not believe in censorship. Yet sometimes society feels compelled to use it as a last resort when material with completely negative values becomes detrimental to social welfare (i.e. The correlation between television violence and juvenile crime). Excessive often breeds still further excesses until many people feel a halt must be called.

What killed EC comics was their treating, in some cases, of the immoral as though it were moral. EC used as its justification, the excuse that it was portraying the real world, that things do not always and happily, nor does justice always prevail. But it was a shoddy defense.

The Warren magazines, however, are to be commended, in the main, for not publishing this sort of trash. Ghosts, goblins, vampires, headless horsemen, etc., are fantasy creations. They may have a thin thread of justice running through the plots, be treated as gothic horror. Homocidal maniacs, on the other hand, are characterizations from life, and should have a moral raison d'être.

We all know that people are beaten, raped, strangled, dismembered, murdered, etc. and that the criminals sometimes escape punishment. But of what value is a story in which such a pervert is allowed to escape his just deserts? And what effect does it have on an impressionable ten or twelve year old when he reads that crime seemingly pays?

Keep the gothic horror, Mr. Warren, but, please, use discretion.

RON BAKER  
Frym, Mass.

Once again, the readers of illustrated story magazines must endure the indignant ranting of a moralistic zealot. His letter fairly reeks of religious indoctrination, narrow-minded condescension toward the attitudes of others, and glib sentimentalism. As far as he is concerned, the only possibility is that his point of view is right!

"Do not," says the zealot, "view the world as it is! I want it to be! Do not remind me of the real reality as I drift in my artificial one, because, if you do, you are sick!"

The zealot creates his own limited world with its own standard of right and wrong, good and bad, suitability and unsuitability, with little reference to the "real world." And given the opportunity, he will impose these standards on others whether they like them or not.

The illustrated story is a mode of communication which contains literature, whose subject matter should be all of the manifestations of man. There is no conclusive evidence, derived from scientific investigation, that indicates clear stories threaten to harm the minds of the readers.

The unfounded attempts of certain individuals to single out the illustrated story and limit the subject matter available to it must be of no consequence. To allow these individuals to impose their personal standards of suitability on this medium of communication amounts to a rape of the freedom of thought and of the press.

To be worthy of reading these illustrated stories must be powerful enough to offend someone. If they were so diluted as to insure no offense even to a person of the most sensitive nature, they would have little to offer beyond their bland offensiveness.

As a man of thirty-five years educated with experience at the Ph.D. level, a teacher in college and high school for ten years, I know my mind is capable of deciding what I want to see or read. I neither need nor want the guidance or protection which the zealots are ever willing to provide.

Illustrated story magazines are an interesting alternative in the adventure of life. Please do not limit your artists or writers. Produce the best material you can. The Warren magazines are the most beautiful of their kind available today. I thank you for producing them. They enrich my life.

CHARLES W. HOWIE, JR.  
Manomet, Mass.



Michael Oliver seemed disturbed by the use of the Lord's name in vain. I do hate to be the one to break this news to him, but the sad, ugly fact is that many people do swear. Didn't I see Mr. Oliver himself use bitch, bastard and shit in his letter? It was a comic book list. I've never seen these words in a story.

However, I'm for the use of swearing in Warren stories.

Swearing is a fact of life. If a horror story mirrors life, it becomes that much more realistic and horrifying. Horror doesn't work well in fantasy simply because you don't believe it. It is at its best when real people in real situations encounter real horrors. For me to believe in a story I require all the little obscurely accurate traits of human nature the writer can furnish. When I find myself trapped within the strict confines of a story, I squirm. And the story is a success. Swearing, deformity and perversions may shock, yet they are artistically valid because they are universally real. And please, I have taken the comic industry twenty years to recover from Dr. Wertheim's onslaughts.

CREEPY may be a horror magazine, but it hasn't yet revived "Seduction Of The Innocent" from its deserved death.

LARRY PURSELLEY  
Ft. Worth, Tex.

Michael Oliver makes many interesting comments. But I agree with only one: the part about the dead disrobed woman.

Why did she have to be naked? Now, I have no qualms about nudity, but I don't like useless nudity.

As for his comments on verbal obscenities, Mr. Oliver has to be living in the dark ages. I'm barely 14, just out of the ninth grade, and the cursing in your magazine is nothing compared to the cursing I hear around school. And in the elementary school, I sometimes wonder if it isn't worse!

The prime purpose in my reading your magazine is to be scared or thrilled by your stories. Now no one over 12 years old is really scared by vampires, werewolves, etc. The stories that scare me are the ones that are real. When I read a story about a homicidal maniac, I keep looking over my shoulder to see if there is a man with an axe behind me, ready to bury it in my head. I thoroughly agree with Archie Goodwin's comments on "Twisted Medicine." It is indeed, as true to life, very tragic horror. But then, there's nothing wrong with realism!

Mr. Oliver wrote an interesting letter. I don't agree with it, but I'm glad you printed it!

STEVE FLAA  
Wayzata, Minn.

**Let me make  
this perfectly  
clear!**

Why not take a chance  
on a 300 year-old creep?  
Write! Send letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY  
c/o Warren Publishing Co.  
145 E. 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016





# EXCERPTS FROM THE YEAR FIVE!

AFTER THE INITIAL PANIC, WE ALL SETTLED DOWN TO THE NEW LIFESTYLE WITH AN OPTIMISTICALLY REALISTIC ATTITUDE. OUR WORLD WAS DEAD, THEY'D WARNED US FOR YEARS ABOUT OUR RESOURCES. LIKE CHILDREN, WE THOUGHT IT WOULD NEVER REALLY HAPPEN.

BUT IT DID.



ONE NIGHT THE POWER FAILED IN NEW YORK, THEN IN THE DEEP SOUTH IT BLACKED OUT ON THE WEST COAST THEN IT ALL WENT OUT.



YEAR AFTER YEAR WE KEPT ON SUCKING THIS POWER OUT OF THE GROUND PURRING PULLING STRAWING ONE MORE DECADE OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT.



WE KEPT ON DRAWING WHAT LITTLE WE HAD. ONE MORE YEAR. ONE MORE MONTH. A WEEK. A DAY. AND THEN... THE LAST HOUR CAME.

THE FINAL MINUTES TICKED AWAY, AND WHEN THE SECOND HAND REACHED THE FATED POINT IT STOPPED. THAT LITTLE RED SWEEP HAND HADN'T MOVED IN OVER FIVE YEARS. IT NEVER WILL AGAIN.

SOMETIMES I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED IN SO SHORT A TIME. MILLIONS, SOME SAY ONE HUNDRED MILLION DIED THOSE FIRST THREE YEARS.



I REALLY DON'T DOUBT IT.



REFLECTING NOW, THINKING BACK TO THE FIRST WINTER, WHEN SO MANY DIED... MY GOD... IF IT JUST HADN'T HAPPENED IN THE DEEP OF WINTER MAYBE WE WOULDN'T NEARLY ALL HAVE DIED.



IF THE POWER HAD ONLY FAILED AS IT DID AND LEFT US FACING NATURE'S EYE TO EYE IN THE SPRING OR THE SUMMER, I KNOW WE COULD HAVE PREPARED FOR THE BRUTAL WINTER.

MAYBE WE COULD HAVE SAVED THE CHILDREN. MAYBE SO MANY WOULDN'T HAVE FROZEN AND STARVED.



I REMEMBER WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS AND SEEING THE TWISTED GROTESQUELY POSITIONED BODIES, FROZEN NECKLESS... HEAPED IN PILES FOR THE RURAL DETAIL WAGON.



THEY BURIED ACROSS OF THOUSANDS OF THE PITFULLY FROZEN LITTLE THINGS IN THE GLACIATED GROUND IN MASS GRAVES.

THE NIGHT BEFORE, THE TEMPERATURE HAD DIPPED DOWN TO PERHAPS TWENTY BELOW. HUNDREDS MORE DIED, FROZEN.



THE BURIAL DETAILS HELD ME IN MOROSE, STRUCKEN REMEMBRANCE. THEY WERE LOADING THE BARRIES ONTO THE WAGON WITH SPIDERS!



I WAS SICK; FEVERED, I'D BEEN SICK FOR WEEKS. IT WAS ALL THE MORE NIGHT-MANISM.

MY FEVERED MIND FORGED ON AN OLD CRUELTY JOKE AS I WATCHED THE HORROR ACROSS THE STREET.



"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A TRUCKLOAD OF COAL AND A TRUCK-LOAD OF DEAD BABIES?"



I HEARD THE DISGUSTING ANSWER TO THE SICK JOKE *OUT LOUD*. I THEN REALIZED I HAD SPOKEN IT, SCREAMED IT, OVER AND OVER, LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL THE SOUND OF THE SCREAMING *BURST* IN MY EARS AND I FOUND MYSELF...



...I FOUND MYSELF. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER, IN AN AID CAMP BEING PRO-  
HOT BROTH, I WAS MISLIVINGTIME... OUT OF MY MIND WITH FEVER, AND THERE SHE WAS, LEANING CLOSE TO ME. SHE SAID I'D BEEN REPETATING SOMETHING OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN MY FEVERED SLEEP FOR FIVE DAYS.



I MANAGED TO ASK HER, *WHY?* I'D BEEN REPETATING-

"YOU CAN'T UNLOAD A TRUCKLOAD OF COAL WITH A PITCHFORK!"



I VOMITED UP THE BROTH AND CAME BACK TO LIVE IN THE REAL WORLD.

HER NAME WAS PAT,  
DECEPTIVELY SIMPLE. SHE  
CARED FOR ME AND HEALED  
MY BODY, MY SOUL. JUST  
CAME ALIVE NATURALLY  
AROUND HER.



EVEN THOUGH I HADN'T BATHED FOR  
OVER A MONTH AND LOOKED  
VISIBLY THE PART I WAS PLAYING  
IN THIS NEW WORLD, SOMEHOW  
PAT FELL IN LOVE WITH ME, GAVE  
ME A REASON TO RISE UP OUT  
OF ALL THIS.



I GUESS I JUST HAD TO RETURN  
THE FAVOR. FUNNY HOW THINGS  
HAPPEN. THE WHOLE WORLD HAD  
JUST CURLED UP AND DIED... AND  
I BEGAN A LOVE AFFAIR.



MY PAT WAS STRONG AND  
SPIRITUALLY TOUGH AS A  
BOAT. SHE HELPED THE SICK...



...PRAYED OVER AND  
BURIED THE DEAD...



...AND MADE LOVE TO ME LIKE A  
HOUSE MADAM, FROM THE RED  
LIGHT DISTRICT OF HEAVEN.



WE WALKED LIKE  
POORLY POSSESSED DAY  
AND NIGHT FOR  
THREE LONG  
MONTHS. I DON'T  
KNOW WHY, AND  
I REALLY DON'T  
KNOW WHY.



MOST PEOPLE JUST SAT AROUND AND DIED FROM EXPOSURE THAT WINTER... BUT SOME, LIKE MY PRT, BLEW ALL HER TIME AND ENERGY CUTTING OFF KIDS' FEET TO SAVE THEM FROM DYING OF FROSTBITE AND INFECTIOUS ROT.



ME AND MY FLO NIGHTINGALE FOUGHT GOD AND MAN TO KEEP THEM BOTH ALIVE THROUGH IT ALL. WE KNEW WE WOULD BE DEAD IF WE COULD JUST MAKE IT TO SPRING.

EVEN AS I WAS WONDERING HOW SHE WAS KEEPING ON HER FEET, I FOUND OUT NATURE WASN'T THE ONLY THING WE HAD TO FIGHT.



SCAVENGERS!

STAY DOWN! GET EVERYBODY RAN ON THE FLOOR!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SCAVENGERS THOUGHT THEY COULD FIND TO STEAL AT A MEDICAL AND STATION. LIFE WAS THE ONLY PRECIOUS THING WE HOOED.



AND ALL I HAD TO PROTECT IT WITH WAS AN INSTRUMENT OF DEATH...!



I HEARD PAT YELL  
AFTER ME AS I WENT  
OUT INTO THE ALLEY.  
"BRIE! DON'T! YOU  
CAN'T JUST KILL  
SOMEBODY."



I HEARD HER, BUT I  
WONDERED WHY SHE  
DIDN'T CALL THE  
"GANG" SENTENCE OUT  
THE "FRONT" DOOR...  
AT THE GUYS WITH  
THE GUNS.





I LEFT THAT SHOVEL  
BEHIND. I'D  
BURIED THE DEAD  
WITH IT, I'D BEEN  
THE LIVING WITH  
IT. IT HAD BECOME  
MORE THAN JUST  
A SIGN OF THE  
TIMES... IT HAD  
BECOME A WAY OF  
LIFE... OR DEATH!



AMASSES OF PEOPLE WERE STILL DYING  
EVERYDAY, BUT NOW, AT LEAST THE  
WEATHER WAS WARMING SLIGHTLY. NATHAN  
WENT OUT EARLY MORNING FOR THE 4TH.  
I FOUND HER UP ON MOTT STREET.



WHAT'CHA DOIN'  
UNDER THERE YOU  
HANDSOME CON-ROY?  
AWAY? PLAYING  
HIDE AND GEEK?  
NAH, NOT GOING  
TO TALK TO ME?



NOT GONNA TELL  
ME WHAT'CHA DOIN'?'  
AWAY? OH BEN...  
HELP ME GET HIM  
OUT. HE'S FREEZING  
COLD... AND  
FRIGHTENED

NATHAN HAD FOUND THE LITTLE  
BOY UNDER THE OLD ROTTEN  
STAIRS IN THE SLUMS. SHE'D  
TRIED TO COVER HIM UP. THE  
LITTLE GUY JUST SNIVELING  
IN THE WHIPPING COLD WIND.



HE TRIED TO COVER THE SHIVERING LITTLE BOY WITH  
HIS ARMS AND CRAWLED BACK TO WHERE I HAD TO  
RIP APART THE STAIRWAY'S BOARDS TO REACH  
HIM. HE JUST WHIMPERED, LIKE A PUPPY.



UMMM... GET  
WARM MOMMY...  
GET WARM...  
GET WARM!

MOMMY?



LADY?  
DON'T WORRY  
LADY, WE'LL  
GET YOU *OUTTA*  
THERE! WE'RE  
FROM AN AIR  
STATION!



I'D PULLED  
THROUGH THE LAST  
FEW BOMBING  
AND THERE HE  
WAS *ADDULED*  
UP LIKE A  
SCARED PUPPY  
TO ITS FATHER.



HE WAS SITTING INNER  
UP, CRYING SOFTLY  
SHAKING FROM FEAR  
AND COLD.



GET WARM  
MOMMY, GET  
WARM.

HE HURDED ME  
AROUND THE  
NECK CRYING  
INTO MY SHIRT  
AST COVERED  
HIM WITH MY  
COAT.



IN HIS  
INFINITE  
CHILD'S  
WISDOM, HE  
KNEW IT  
WAS OVER.  
HE KNEW  
HE WAS  
SAFE.



HE KEPT HIS  
DIRTY LITTLE  
FACE PRESSED  
INTO MY NECK.  
NEVER LOOKED  
BACK.



DISTANTLY I WAS PUZZLED HOW  
THE CHILD HAD SURVIVED SO  
LONG WITHOUT *NOURISHMENT*.  
I DIDN'T MENTION IT TO PAT UNTIL  
WE GOT TO THE STATION, FED THE  
BOY AND PUT HIM TO BED.

I ASKED PAT IF SHE'D  
WONDERED HOW THE BABY  
KEPT ITSELF *ALIVE*  
WITHOUT FOOD, SHE LOOKED  
GAGGERS AT ME.

JESUS, BEN! I  
THOUGHT YOU  
*SAW* WHAT WAS  
EVIDENT!

EVEN IN  
DEATH SHE  
PROVIDED  
FOR HER  
BABY.



I JUST STOOD THERE LOOKING  
STUPID, NOT HAVING AN *INKLING*  
OF WHAT SHE WAS TALKING  
ABOUT.

BEN...!  
THE BABY  
HAD BEEN  
FEEDING ON  
HER FLESH  
GODDAMN IT!



SHE CRIED, AND I WELD HIDE, AND I SUSPECT I WAS CRYING TOO. NOT FOR HER OR ME OR THE BABY OR THE MOTHER... NOT FOR THE SITUATION OR THE DEAD OR THE DYING... NOT FOR THE LIVING OR THE UNBORN... BUT JUST BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO.



THE WEATHER WAS GETTING MUCH BETTER. THE SNOW HAD NEARLY ALL MELTED. SPRING WASN'T FAR AWAY AND IT WAS MY GRATEFUL PAT THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THOUSANDS OF US BEING THERE TO APPRECIATE IT!



GOD, SHE WAS TERRIBLE! BUT SHE KEPT GOING.

THERE WERE ABOUT FIFTY PEOPLE HERE THAT GROUPED TOGETHER. THEY ALL WORKED WITH PAT AND I IN THE AID STATION, GIVING LIFE TO THOSE IN NEED.



WE TOOK THE LITTLE FELLOW FROM NOTT STREET, NAMED HIM BENNIE. THERE WAS ALWAYS ROOM FOR NEW ADDITIONS TO THE GROUP.

I WAS CAUTIOUS ABOUT STRANGERS. I NEVER GOT OVER HAVING TO KILL THOSE SCAVENGEES. BUT PAT WELCOMED ANY AND ALL. WE LOVED FOR LIFE MADE PARADISE. AND IT WAS THAT SAME LOVE THAT DESTROYED IT AGAIN.



IT WAS THEIR PRESENT WHO CAME INTO OUR STRANGE PEOPLE. EVEN SAID THEY WERE DEVIL WORKSHIPPERS. I WANTED THEM OUT... BUT PAT WELCOMED THEM TO STAY.

THEY STAYED DAYS WAITING, CHANTING RITUALS, SCREAMING EVERYONE. THEN ONE NIGHT, I HEARD BENNIE SCREAMING... AND I KNEW THEY KIDNAPPED HIM! WITH MY HEART BEATING IN MY TEMPLES, I JUMPED OUT OF BED...



THE UNHOLY MOTHERS HAD SLIT BENNIE UP THE MIDDLE.

HEARD A BOM EXPLODE  
MAIN AND BOM. IT WAS  
PAT. SIBYLE PAT. NOT AOME  
OF THE DEVI. NOBIBBERS  
HAD ESCAPED.



SHE WAS ANOTHER  
THE SAME AGAIN.

THREE WEEKS LATER  
I AWOKE TO FIND THAT  
SPRINGS HAD FINALLY  
COME TO OUR WORLD.  
WE'D AWAKE IT  
THROUGH WINTER. WE  
HAD A CHANCE NOW.  
WE ALL HAD A CHANCE  
TO SURVIVE IN THIS  
LIVING-DEAD WORLD.  
NOW PAT COULD REST.



SHE AND I HAD TALKED  
ENOUGH ABOUT  
BUILDING A CABIN UP ON  
THE LAKE. NOW WE COULD  
DO IT. JUST TAKE CARE  
OF EACH OTHER. THE  
OTHERS WERE ON THEIR  
OWN NOW. SPRINGS  
WAS HERE.



AS I LOOKED AT HER, HER LOVELY  
EYES CLOSED IN DEPOSE. I SAW  
PEACE ON HER FACE.



THEN I LOOKED AT HER BREAST.  
IT WAS STILL.



HER FACE WAS OVER. SHE NEVER  
SAW THE SPRINGS.

I HELD HER CLOSE, AND YEARS  
TOOK ME A MILLION YEARS  
AWAY. THE ONLY THING I COULD  
GAY WAS, "GET WARM, MOMMY...  
GET WARM..."

I TOOK HER TO A FAVORITE  
SPOT. A SWEET APPLE GROVE  
ON A HILL AWAY FROM THE  
CITY. THIS WAS WHERE SHE  
WANTED US TO SETTLE. I  
LEFT HER THERE IN THE  
LATE AFTERNOON.



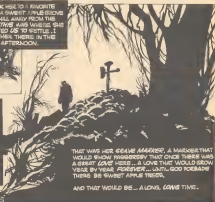
I LAY HER TO  
REST AT THE  
FOOT OF A YOUNG  
APPLE TREE  
THAT WOULD  
SOON BUD WITH  
WHITE FLOWERS.

I CARVED OUR  
INITIALS IN IT.



THAT WAS HER GRAVE MARKER, A MARKER THAT  
WOULD SHOW FATHERS THAT ONCE THERE WAS  
A GREAT LOVE HERE... A LOVE THAT WOULD GROW  
YEAR BY YEAR. FOREVER... UNTIL GOD FORBID  
THERE BE SWEET APPLE TREES.

AND THAT WOULD BE... A LONG, LONG TIME.





# THE HAUNTED ABBEY

SUMMER CLUNG DENSELY OVER THESE FORESTED LANDS OF SOUTHERN SPAIN. AND WITH IT, CAME THE WARM RAINS.

ONLY THE FOG MOVED SLOWLY ACROSS THE TERRAIN THIS NIGHT... THIS VERY **STRANGE** NIGHT.



THEN... OUT OF THE FOREST AND THE FOG  
CAME... THE **AMERICANS!** TOURISTS  
FOOLS... TRAVELING ALONE OFF THE  
BEATEN PATH IN SEARCH OF THE UNIQUE...  
THE **BIZARRE!**

UH, HONEY, ?  
DOES YOUR TOUR GUIDE  
MAP BESIDES ALL THAT  
HAPPEN TO MENTION  
WHERE WE ARE?

...PALEOLITHIC  
CAVE PAINTINGS, FOUND  
IN THE REGION OF THE BAY  
OF BISCAY AND THE WEST  
PYRENEES, LATER NEOLITHIC  
ALMERIAN CULTURE OF SOUTH  
EAST SPAIN WHICH WAS  
AKIN TO...

**CRANKINESS**  
DOESN'T HELP. I  
WAS ONLY READING OUT  
LOUD TO KEEP YOU  
**AWAKE**... AND ME FROM  
HAVING TO LOOK OUT  
THE **WINDOW**.

THANKS A **HEAP!**  
THE CAR SLUSHING  
OFF THE ROAD EVERY  
FEW MINUTES KEEPS  
**ME AWAKE!**

"SEE **SUNNY**  
**SPAIN**" THE AGENT  
SAID I COULD HAVE  
SAVED **THREE GRAND**  
AND STAYED **HOME**  
TO SEE **RAIN**...!

**RICK LOOK!**  
YOU COULDN'T  
HAVE SEEN **THAT**  
BACK HOME! WHAT  
IS IT? AN OLD  
**FORT?**

I'M NOT **SPANISH**...  
OR **CATHOLIC**. BUT I  
THINK YOU'D CALL IT  
AN **ABBEY**.  
Y'KNOW... **MONKS**,  
VESTMENTS, SECRET  
CEREMONIES...

HEY THERE'S 4 **LIGHTS**  
ON! LET'S CHECK IN  
TILL THE **MONKS**  
QUIT DOWN!

IMMACULATELY Hewn GRANITE,  
CARVED BY ANCIENT MASONS,  
ETCHED WITH THE HISTORY OF  
TEN THOUSAND YEARS, STOOD LOOM-  
ING IN THE LASHING RAIN!

IT'S...  
BREATHTAKING!

IF WE CAN  
GET *IN*,  
WE'LL GET  
SOME *GREAT*  
PICTURES!

UH... GI HABLA  
ENGLISH? UH...  
WE'RE AMERICANS...  
*TOURISTA*, WE...  
WE'RE *LOST* AND WE  
NEED A PLACE TO STAY  
THE NIGHT. MAY WE...  
COME IN, BROTHER?  
MY WIFE AND I?

ENTER...  
THIS... HOLY  
PLACE...  
*BROTHER!*



EXCUSE US, BROTHER,  
BUT WE'VE NEVER SEEN  
SUCH AN AUTHENTICALLY  
BEAUTIFUL BUILDING. WE'D  
VERY MUCH LIKE TO GET  
SOME **SNAPSHOTS** OF THE  
ARCHITECTURE...Y'KNOW  
TO SHOW BACK HOME?

UH...  
BROTHER?  
I ASKED...

MAYBE  
HE DOESN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
RICK.

YET ABOVE ALL,  
DO **NOT** SEEK TO USE  
YOUR CAMERA. THE  
BROTHERS OF THIS ABBEY  
CONDUCT AN ANCIENT **RITUAL**  
THIS NIGHT, A RITE MOST  
**SACRED**. A CEREMONY  
NEVER TO BE SEEN  
BY THE **OUTSIDE**.

YES, I DO UNDERSTAND  
PERFECTLY. HERE, YOU WILL  
STAY IN THIS **CELL** TONIGHT. IT  
IS EMPTY; SAVE A BED. YOU WILL  
FIND CANDLES WITHIN. STAY  
INSIDE. REST. DO **NOT**  
COME OUT!

WE WILL BE WELL  
MET, MY FRIENDS. IF YOU  
WILL ACCEPT OUR HOSPITALITY  
AS **GOOD HOSTS**... AND YOU  
REMAIN **GOOD GUESTS**,  
**RESPECT OUR WISHES**  
SLEEP!

WOW! A  
WEIRDO! WE  
WALKED RIGHT  
INTO THIS  
HAUNT LIKE  
A COUPLE OF  
DUDES IN A  
KARLOFF  
FLICK!

A-AND  
HE  
LOCKED  
US IN A  
**CELL**,  
YET!

SHHH,  
OUR HOST'LL  
THINK WE  
AREN'T HAPPY  
WITH THE  
**ROOM**.

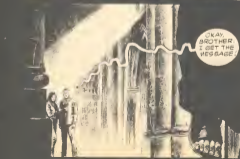
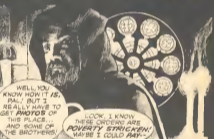
BESIDES THIS  
ISN'T A CELL LIKE  
YOU THINK, THAT'S  
WHAT THEY CALL  
THEIR **BEDROOMS**.  
AND WE AREN'T  
LOCKED IN. COME  
ON! LET'S GO  
**EXPLORING**!

GRAB THE  
**CAMERA**!

LET'S FIND  
THE HEAD  
**NUT** AROUND  
HERE. A FEW  
BUCKS IN THE  
POOR BOX'LL  
**BUY US**  
SOME  
PICTURES.

NOT A  
**SOUL**  
AROUND!

HEY... THERE'S  
THE **RECTORY**!





PLEASE.  
RICHARD! THE  
MAN WARNED US  
TWICE NOW! HE  
MEANS IT AND I  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
HE MIGHT DO!  
RICK!

RICK, WILL  
YOU, PLEASE  
COME ON! I'M  
SCARED TO  
DEATH. I'M WET.  
I'M COLD AND  
HUNGRY. I  
WANT TO GO!



HONEY PUT  
A LID ON IT!  
I'VE SHOT PHOTOS  
IN KOREA...IN  
NAM...IN THE  
MIST OF ALL  
HELL!

I'M  
GETTING  
WHAT I  
WANT!  
COME ON!

CRUMBLING CENTURIES LAY  
HEAVY WITHIN THE DECAYING  
BOWELS OF THE  
ANCIENT STRUCTURE. THE  
QUESTIONING *WICE*, THE  
TWO WIND THEIR WAY INTO  
THE ABBEY'S DEPTHS...



HOLES?



WHAT IN THE  
NAME OF GOD DO  
THESE PEOPLE DO  
DOWN HERE? THAT  
STENCH--



JESUS? RICK...  
CHANTING! THE  
MONKS ARE CHANTING!  
THE RITUAL HAS  
BEGUN!

OH DEAR  
GOD... THEY'RE  
COMING  
HERE!



KEEP FLAT ON  
THE WALL! DON'T  
MOVE! DON'T  
BREATHE! IF THEY  
SEE US...GOD  
ONLY KNOWS....

...AND FIND A CLUE TO  
ITS DEADLY SECRETS!

THE MONKS ENTER...  
AND THE MAN IS  
READY...!



...READY TO SNAP HIS  
TOURIST PICTURES!

AND THEN, THE CAMERA FREEZES IN  
HIS GRIP AS HIS LENSE REFUSES  
TO SEE FURTHER WHAT HAS NEVER  
BEEN SEEN BEFORE BY EYES UN  
CONSECRATED!

THE DREADFUL PROCESSION  
CARRIES IN TOW... A YOUNG  
GIRL!



BRIGHT HOT STARS OF  
TELEVISION BURST WITHIN  
THE AMERICAN'S HEAD!

HIS HEART TREPS  
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

...WHILE HIS SHUTTER  
INSTINCTIVELY...AND  
INCESSANTLY SPARS  
AWAY!

CLICK!





WATCHING HIDDEN, THE TOURISTS SEE THE WOMEN SWALLOW THE TERRIFIED GIRL WITHIN ONE OF THE HOLES IN THE FAR WALL.

NOT DARING TO MOVE, NOT DARING TO STAY, THE MAN AND WOMAN NUMBLY STARE, TRANSPORTED AT THE SOBRIELY HORRIBLE TABLEAU BELOW THEM.



THIS WOMAN... THIS HARLOT... THIS DESPOILER OF GOD'S DIVINE FLESH IS POSSESSED BY DEMON SPIRITS UNCLEAN!

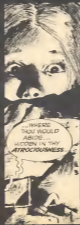
SHE HAS GIVEN TO COPULATING WITH HARLOTS... AND IS DEEMED A MOST FOUL WITCH!

I ADJURE THEE, DEPART, UNCLEAN SPIRITS... FROM THE BODY OF THIS WOMAN!

FLEE... BEFORE THE NAME OF OUR LORD!



I CAST YOU FOULED WOMAN, INTO THE DARKNESS...



...WHERE THOU WOULD ABIDE... HIDDEN IN THY ATROCIOUSNESS...



...FOREVER HENCE FROM THE LIGHT OF THE EARTH...



...AND THE LIGHT OF THE FACE OF OUR LORD GOD, JESUS CHRIST! AMEN!

ON MY GOD... THE INQUIRY...





AND THEN THEY SEE...  
THE CORPSE OF A  
GIRL... DEAD FOR  
CENTURIES!



N-NO!



GET UP -  
STARG! HURRY!  
OUT THROUGH  
THE RECTORY!



WE'LL FIND  
THOSE MONKS  
AND FIND  
OUT...



BUT THEY FIND NOTHING...

BEYOND THE RECTORY DOOR,  
THEY NO LONGER SEE THE  
AWESOME TOWERING SAIRRES...  
NOR THE ANCIENT CARVEN  
STONE!

INSTEAD, THERE IS ONLY  
BROKEN STONE...  
DECAYED ARCHWAYS...  
AND THE DUST OF  
LONG-DEAD VICTIMS!

DID IT EXIST? WAS THE  
ECSTASY OF A BROTHER-  
HOOD AND THE TORMENT  
OF A YOUNG GIRL CAPTURED  
ON FILM?

ALAS, TWO AMERICAN  
TOURISTS WILL NEVER  
KNOW, FOR IN THEIR MAD  
RUSH TOWARDS SANITY...  
THEIR CAMERA WAS LEFT  
DEEP WITHIN THE ABBEY...

...A PLACE THEY DO NOT  
WISH TO VISIT AGAIN!

OUT OF THE  
ABBEY INTO THE  
MEAT WAGON!  
LET'S GO TO A  
FUNERAL FOR MY  
THIRD TALE!

IN FACT...  
LET'S GO TO  
MANY OF  
THEM!

MY BABY!  
MY POOR  
LITTLE GIRL...  
O-DEAD!

THANKS  
FOR CALLING US  
IN TO HANDLE THIS  
OR **SORROWFUL**  
MATTER, DOCTOR!

I DON'T  
WANT YOUR  
THANKS, FELLOW  
I WANT AN  
COMMISSION!

FELIX STARK'S **DEAR** WAS UNBORNED OF HIS CITY  
LIVING CONDITIONS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY  
WERE OUTRIGHT DANGEROUS...AND OFFENSIVELY  
**DEADLY!** THE MORE GOODIES THERE WERE TO **BURY**,  
THE MORE MONKEY STARK THE **MORTICMAN** MADE....!

HERE'S YOUR FINDER.  
REEL, JOE! A **HUNDRED**  
BUCKS, JUST FOR  
MAKING A **NICKEL**  
PHONE CALL!

KEEP YOUR VOKE DOWN,  
FELIX! AND AT LEAST  
**RESPECT** THAT YOU HAVE  
SOME SYMPATHY FOR  
THE BEREAVED!

WE'RE  
READY TO  
**LEAVE** NOW, MR.  
STARK!

GOOD! LET'S GET THE  
SHOW ROLLING! WE'VE LOTS  
MORE **STOPS** TO MAKE  
BEFORE **THIS** NIGHT  
IS OVER!

# THE HAPPY UNDERTAKER









BLASTED  
CASNET FACTORY'S  
BEHIND ON ORDERS... I  
WONDER IF MADELEINE  
KNOWS ANY  
CARPENTERS?

FELIX SOMEHOW GOT THE BODY-  
BOXES HE NEEDED... PLACING,  
THROWING, PERHAPS EVEN STEAL-  
ING! AND THE MONEY ROLLED IN...

HA!  
I DON'T EVEN  
HAVE TIME TO  
BUY A BIGGER  
SAFE!



STRANGE!  
FEELING A CHILL  
SUDDENLY... AND IT'S  
WARM IN HERE. I  
HAVE A FEELING...



LIKE  
SOMETHING IS  
HANGING OVER ME  
SOMETHING EVIL...  
DEADLY NO, WORSE  
THAN DEATH!  
USH!

MAYBE I  
NEED A REST! I'LL  
PUT ON ONE MORE BIG  
PUSH TO HANDLE ANOTHER  
TWO DOZEN  
FUNERALS!



THEN  
I'LL TAKE A FEW  
DAYS OFF! MADELEINE  
AND HER FRIENDS CAN  
LOOK AFTER THE  
PLACE...

IT WAS A RAW, DAMN AND DREARY NIGHT...THE KIND  
OF A NIGHT WHEN PEOPLE DIED! THE KIND OF A  
NIGHT THIS WAS ALWAYS FELIX STARK'S DELIGHT!

HE HAD BATHED  
MANY CADAVERS,  
AND THE  
GUESSING WHITE  
FACE OF THE DARK  
HOURS OF DEATH  
SMILED  
UPON HIM...

MY SINCERE  
CONDOLENCES, MRS.  
GAVELIN. I'LL BE  
THINKING IN THIRTY MINUTES  
I'M SURE YOUR HUSBAND  
WAS A FINE MAN... A  
LOUSE? YES, ALBAN  
THIRTY MINUTES.



WELL,  
MRS. GAVELIN IS  
GLAD HER HUSBAND  
IS DEAD AND I'M  
GLAD! THIS IS  
INDEED A JOYOUS  
NIGHT!





SUDDENLY THE MUFFLED BOWING OF A STEEPLE CLOCK SOUNDED MIDNIGHT ACROSS ORZILE DREADED STREETS AND ALLEYS! WITH THE LAST REVERBERATING BOW, FELIX SAW HIS YOUNG HELLIONS RISE SLOWLY FROM THEIR COFFIN-BEDS...



SO THERE YOU ARE!

I WON'T MAKE AN ISSUE OF YOUR MURDERING THIS TIME, BUT HERE-AFTER, ASK MY PERMISSION FOR A REST PERIOD.

BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER FROM THE TRIO... ONLY THEIR COLD, DEADLY STARE! FELIX STARK SAW IT... AND STUMBLED BACK, TREMBLING...



NO! NO! GO AWAY!!

YOU'RE YAWNERS! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN... SLEEPING IN COFFINS...! YOU'RE YAWNERS... DREAMS... OR SOME KIND OF MONSTERS...

HIS TEAM... EXPRESSED IN APOOR FUTILITY, INCREASED AS FELIX SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET... TOO LATE!



CLUT!

NO, MR STARK, WE ARE NOT MONSTERS! IT IS YOU WHO ARE THE MONSTER!



WHEN FELIX CAME TO, HE FOUND HIMSELF A PRISONER IN HIS OWN EMBALMING CHAMBER!

YOU PUSHED US TO THIS, MR. STARK. YOU DROVE US LIKE A MADMAN... A MONSTER!

WE WERE HOMELESS... DRIVEN INTO THE STREET LIKE SO MANY KIDS... FORCED TO LEARN A TRADE... ANY TRADE... EVEN ROBBING THE DEAD!



AND YOU KEPT THE FRONTS OF OUR LABORS. YOU FORCED US TO SLEEP IN COFFINS... FED US SLEP NOT FIT FOR ANIMALS AND KEPT US IN ABJECT POVERTY!



BUT YOU DID TEACH US A TRADE

...ONE WHICH WE'LL USE FAIRLY, AFTER THIS ONE LAST JOB.

...FOR YOU, MR. STARK, WE'RE GOING INTO BUSINESS ON OUR OWN!

ALREADY YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO FEEL THE BLOOD BEING DRAINED FROM YOUR BODY. THE ROTTEN EMBALMING FLUID COURSED PAINFULLY THROUGH YOUR BODY!

BUT THERE'S ONE MORE THING WE MUST DO BEFORE YOU DIE, MR. STARK.



...WE MUST PULL THE GOLD TILLINGS FROM YOUR MOUTH!

AND SO THE TOOTH FAIRY VISITED FELIX STARK IN HIS GRAVE THAT NIGHT!

BUT YOU AND I, DEAR READER, HAVE ANOTHER VISIT TO PAY IN MY NEXT TALE... "BOWSER!"

[illegible]

54

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY, WHILE I  
POORER WEAK AND WEARY,  
OVER MANY A QUANT AND CURIOUS VOLUME  
OF FORGOTTEN LORE...

WHILE I NODDED, NEARLY NAPPING,  
SUDDENLY THERE CAME A TAPPING,  
AS OF SOME ONE GENTLY RAPPING,  
RAPPING AT MY CHAMBER DOOR.

"'TIS SOME VISITOR," I MUTTERED, "TAPPING  
AT MY CHAMBER DOOR,  
ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE."

TAP!  
TAP!  
TAP!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

# THE RAVEN

ART: RICH CORBEN



WHAT?  
WHO COULD IT  
BE AT THIS  
HOUR OF THE  
NIGHT?

DARE I  
HOPE... THAT  
IT MIGHT BE  
MY LONG-  
LOST...



...LENORE?

I DREAMED THE DEPT. TO A MOUNTAIN  
SWAMPING WITH DECEMBER SNOW! THERE  
WAS ONLY DARKNESS THERE! AND  
NOTHING MORE!



EH?

THAT'S  
EXTREMELY  
ODD! THERE'S  
NO ONE  
HERE...

NO  
ONE AT  
ALL!



PERHAPS I  
DREAMT THAT KNOCKING  
FOR SURELY NONE WOULD  
GO FORTH ON A NIGHT  
LIKE --

TAP  
TAP  
TAP

HUH? THAT  
MYSTERIOUS  
TAPPING SOUND  
BEHIND ME  
NOW...



...COMING  
FROM MY  
WINDOW!

PERHAPS IT  
IS MY BELOVED  
RETURNED FROM  
HER  
JOURNEY!

HOLD ON  
DEAREST!  
I'M COMING!

YET IT WAS NOT THE BEAUTIFUL LENORE WHO STOOD AT MY WINDOW... RATHER...



THE INK-BLACK CREATURE FLEW INTO MY ROOM WHILE I GAZED AWAST...



...AND THE EBON-BIRD PERCHED... AND SAT... AND DID NOTHING MORE!



YOU SEEK REFUGE FROM THE COLD? SURELY A TREE TRUNK WOULD BETTER SERVE YOUR ENDS?

WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE? DO YOU CARRY ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING MY DEAR...



WELL, RAVEN, DON'T JUST SIT THERE STARING DOWN AT ME!

THEN, FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE ROOM, QUOTH THE RAVEN...



NEVERMORE!

"...LENORE?"

DEVILISH  
CREATURE: YOUR  
ANSWER HOLDS  
LITTLE MEANING  
THAT I CAN  
SEE!

YET THIS  
MUST BE...  
IT HAS TO  
BE...AN  
OMEN!

BUT...  
WHAT MAN-  
NER OF MES-  
SAGE? MY  
LOVER HAS  
LEFT ME...  
STRANDED AND  
ALONE...!

DID SHE  
SEND YOU  
TO KEEP ME  
COMPANY?

BUT NO!  
FOR TONMORROW,  
RAVEN, WHEN THE  
BLIZZARD ABATES,  
YOU, TOO, WILL  
DOUBTLESS DESERT  
ME...AS ALL MY  
HOPES HAVE  
BEFORE!

BUT MY  
PATIENCE  
WEARS RAPIDLY  
THIN! WHAT I  
NEED ARE  
ANSWERS!

ANSWERS!

YOU MUST  
EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF  
BETTER  
TO ME!

THEN THE BIRD SAID, AS HE HAD  
SAID BEFORE...



NEVERMORE!

NEVERMORE!

WHAT DOES  
THIS GRIM AND  
OMINOUS FOWL  
MEAN BY  
CROAKING...

NEVERMORE?

CAN THE  
WORD BE A  
CLUE OF  
SOME SORT?

AND IF SUCH BE  
THE CASE, THEN HOW  
DOES IT PERTAIN TO  
MY DARLING...



"...LENORE?"



STILL...  
WHAT IF THERE  
IS NO MESSAGE  
TO BE GIVEN  
AT ALL!

WHAT IF IT  
WERE THE DARK  
FORCES OF EVIL  
SENT THIS BIRD  
TO MY DWELLING  
TO HAUNT  
ME!



IS THAT  
TRUE,  
RAVEN?

ARE YOU A  
CO-WORKER  
OF THE  
DEVIL...



...HERE TO  
TORMENT  
ME BY BRINGING  
MEMORIES OF  
MY VERY OWN...



"...LENDRE?"



AT THIS POINT,  
I REALLY NO LONGER  
CARE! SHE IS GONE AWAY...  
NEVER, I THINK TO  
RETURN!



BUT WILL  
YOU ANSWER  
JUST ONE  
QUESTION  
OF MINE?

I BEG  
YOU...TELL  
ME! WHERE  
IS MY  
LENDRE!



PLEASE,  
BIRD...NO  
MATTER IF  
YOU ARE A  
PROPHET...A  
THING OF  
EVIL...GIVE  
ME THE AN-  
SWER!

QUOTH THE RAVEN...



SO! YOU  
STILL WON'T  
TALK EH...OR  
REVEAL TO ME  
THE WHERE-  
ABOUTS OF MY  
BELOVED!





VERY WELL,  
THEN! GO  
BACK TO THE  
STORM AND THE  
COLD NIGHT'S  
PLUTONIAN  
SHORE!



AND DON'T  
LEAVE A SINGLE  
**BLACK FEATHER**  
BEHIND AS A TOKEN  
OF YOUR HEARTLESS  
VISIT VILE  
SPECTRE!



LEAVE ME!  
MY LONELINESS  
IS A TERRIBLE  
THING TO  
BEAR!

I DON'T  
NEED THE  
LIKES OF YOU,  
BIRD, TO RE-  
AND ME NOW  
MONUMENTALLY  
TRAGIC  
IT IS!



BUT NOT A NERVE DID HE TWITCH WHEN  
SPOKE THE **RAMEN**...

ARE YOU  
DEAF? GET  
THEE FROM ABOVE  
MY **DOOR**... AND  
TAKE YOUR **ACCURSED**  
**BEAR** OUT OF MY  
SOUL WHEN YOU  
LEAVE!



NEVERMORE!

TIME PASSED AND THE RAVEN  
REMAINED... NEVER FLITTING....  
AND STILL IS SITTING, STILL IS  
SITTING....



...ON THE MALLIN  
BUST OF AILLAS  
JUST ABOVE MY  
CHAMBER  
DOOR

AND HIS EYES HAVE ALL THE  
SEEKING OF A DEMON THAT  
IS DREAMING....!



AND THE LAMP-LIGHT O'ER  
HIM STREAMING THROWS HIS  
SHADOW ON THE FLOOR!



AND MY SOUL FROM IN THAT SHADOW, THAT  
LIES FLOATING ON THE FLOOR....



...AS MY SHADOW FOR A NIGHT  
SHALL BE LIFTED...

...NEVERMORE!





# Holy War

HIDDEN AWAY IN A FERTILE VALLEY, SURROUNDED BY SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS LAY A ONCE AND YET MIGHTY **FORTRESS**. IMPREGNABLE AND ANCIENT, THE VALLEY WAS KNOWN AS THE KINGDOM OF IRONBURGH.

SINCE THE PASSINGS OF THE LINE OF KINGS, THERE WAS IN POWER OF RULE A LORDLY **BISHOP**. HIS HOLINESS THE BISHOP OF MARK, SIR THEADON, A **WARLORD BISHOP**.

LORD THEADON RULED WITH THE POWER OF GOD... AND THE STEEL OF **SWORDSMITHS**.

THIS TIME WAS A TIME OF PLENTY, HOWEVER, AS **POVERTY** BREEDS HUMILITY AND GIVING, **PROSPERITY** FATHERS **SELFISHNESS** AND **GREED**.

AND SELFISHNESS NOT BEING EXCLUSIVE TO ANY ONE MAN, COMES EVEN TO THE **DEVOUT** AND **RIGHTEOUS**.

THIS NOT RECOGNIZED IN ITS DECEIVING **GUISES...**

...THE BLIGHT CAN SEEN **MORE** MINUTELY TO ATTHWART CORRUPT, THEN **DESTROY**.

AND SO HAD THE **DEMON** **SELFISHNESS** COME, EVEN INTO THE **IRONBURGH**.

A SOLITARY HORSEMAN  
HASTENED ACROSS THE  
MOORS, CLOAKED AGAINST  
THE NIGHT'S CHILL.



HE STRODE WITH  
**FAMILIARITY** THROUGH  
THE CASTLE CORRIDORS  
AND FOUND A DEEP  
CHAMBER...



...WHEREIN BURNED THE LAST OF NIGHT'S  
CANDLES



MY LORD  
**BISHOP**, DO  
YOU REST?



NO, WILLIAM, I BUT  
MEDITATE AND SPEAK  
WITH GOD, YOU  
RETURNED  
**QUICKLY.**



YES, MY FATHER, AND I  
BRING WORD OF **GRAND**  
FINDINGS, AS MY **BISHOP**  
YOU WILL BE **PLEASED**.  
AS MY FATHER, YOU  
WILL BE **PROUD**.



I HAVE LONG STEEPED MYSELF  
IN **PONDERINGS** OVER THE  
MOUNTAIN KINGDOM, YOU HAVE  
SEEN IT, TELL ME OF THE  
**LEGEND**, IS IT **TRUE**?



MANY RIDDLES  
HAVE I SOLVED  
BUT **MORE**  
RIDDLES HAVE  
I BROUGHT  
BACK.



THEN YOU  
HAVE SAT  
AMONGST THE  
GLADIUM  
**THEMSELVES!**

YOU HAVE **BEEN** THERE  
**HEARD** THEIR TALKS, **LISTENED**  
TO THEIR SECRETS, YOU'VE  
DISCOVERED THEIR PAGAN  
RELIGION!



QUICK, SON, TELL ME **IS**  
THERE A **TREASURE**  
OF THE GLADIUM... THE  
ONE SPOKEN OF IN  
**LEGENDS**?

INDEED FATHER, THE  
TALES OF THEIR  
TREASURE ARE **TRUE**,  
AND THE GLADIUM  
OF THE MOUNTAIN ARE  
A **RIND** PEOPLE, YET  
**QUEER**.



I CAME AS A  
STRANGER...YET  
THEY **ACCEPTED**  
ME AS A LOST  
SON.



AT ONCE, THEY TOOK ME  
**AMONGST** THEM.  
GENTLE THEY WERE  
BACKWARDS BUT NOT  
BARBARIC, NEVER ONCE  
IN MY STAY DID I FEAR TO  
HAVE **SWORD** NEED.



"I ASKED TO SEE THEIR **KING**,  
AND THUS I WAS BROUGHT  
BEFORE A THRONE ROOM  
WITHIN THE **MOUNTAIN** ITSELF."



"THEY ASKED ME **FEW** QUESTIONS  
ACCEPTING ME AS I WAS, AT THE  
MOMENT MEASURING ME NOT FOR  
WHAT I **WAS** BEFORE, BUT AS I  
WAS **THEN**."



"I **LIED**, SECRETLY IN THE NAME  
OF **GOD**, AND TOLD THEM I WAS BUT  
A TRAVELER FROM THE  
LOWLANDS."

"I TRIED TO BE **GENTLE**  
AROUND THEM, FOR THEY  
SEEMED NOT USED TO  
**HARD** MEN."



"I SUPPED UPON THEIR  
CHEESES, BUT I NEEDED  
**MEAT** TO CHEW. I SHOWED  
THEM THE WAYS OF **MY** PEOPLE."

"I EVEN MADE A  
KILL OF FRESH  
MEAT FOR  
MYSELF."



"THEY **RECOILED**  
AS IF I HAD JUST  
KILLED ONE OF  
THEIR **OWN**  
PEOPLES."

"I STAYED FOR DAYS AND HEARD NEVER **CERTAINTY** OF THE FAILED TREASURE. THE GLADIATOR TREATED ME WELL, BUT AS AN **ODDITY**, THEY SERVED ME."



"THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND MY WAYS, BUT I WOULD NOT **ACCEPT** THEM."

"THEN, THERE WAS THE **GIRL**."



"I GREW TIRED OF QUESTIONING HER OF THE TREASURE. SHE **KNEW** BUT WOULD NOT **SPEAK**."



"THUS I DECIDED TO EXTRACT **ANOTHER** TREASURE FROM HER, BUT SHE **RESISTED**."



"I THOUGHT THESE MOUNTAIN WOMEN BESTOWED FAVORS MORE **FREELY**."

"STEALING HER VIRGINITY, THE GIRL RAN FROM MY QUARTERS... AND **DIED INSTANTLY**."



"**BARRABANS**' SCAVENGERS ROAMING THE COUNTRYSIDE IN A GODLESS **PILLAGE**, MAKING SPORT OF **SLAYING** THESE TUND SPARROWS."



"I WOULD **NOT** HAVE IT, IN THE NAME OF **GOD** I TOOK UP MY **SWORD**..."



...AND LAY AMONGST THEM!"



WHAT IS THIS?  
A GUARDIAN WOLF  
AMONG RABBITS?  
UNGHHH.



THESE ARE MY  
RABBITS. I FEEL  
THE LORD'S  
WRATH  
SINNER!



"IT WAS OVER  
QUICKLY."

WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING  
THIS DEAD?

WE SOOPLY TAKE  
HER TO OUR GODS  
HOLY SHRINE.  
THERE HER SPIRIT  
MAY BE BLESSED  
WITH HIS RICH  
TREASURE  
HIDDEN  
THEREIN.

OUR GODS  
SPIRIT LIVES  
THERE,  
PROTECTING  
HIS TREASURE  
...AND  
GRACING  
OUR LIVES.

"I HAD FOUND THE  
TREASURE, IT LAY WITHIN  
THE TEMPLE'S CHAMBER.  
THERE WAS IN TRUTH A  
MAGNIFICENT WEALTH  
IN THE MOUNTAIN, AND I  
NOW KNEW WHERE IT WAS."



WILLIAM OF THE FARAWAY LANDS, I CANNOT **THANK** YOU FOR KILLING THE INVADERS. FOR **MURDER** IS NOTHING MORE THAN **MURDER**. NO MATTER WHAT NAME IT IS CALLED.

YOU HAVE DONE A **HORRIBLE** DEED. STILL, YOU HAVE SAVED US FROM **DEATH**. IT GIVES MY HEART GREAT **CONFUSION**. I MUST BID YOU GO!



WE **DO** LOVE YOU, WILLIAM. WE WANTED YOU TO STAY AMONGST US, BUT **NOW...** I SEE NO OTHER WAY.

PERHAPS ONE DAY, COME BACK, **ATONE** FOR YOUR SIN AND WE, THE GLADIARUM, WILL ACCEPT YOU AGAIN. **THEN** STAY AND SHARE IN THE **WEALTH** OF MOUNTAIN.

**WEALTH?** TELL ME OF IT, MY KING.



I CAN ONLY TELL YOU **THIS** OF OUR GOD'S WONDERFUL GIFT. IT WAS BROUGHT TO THIS MOUNTAIN AGES AGO FROM A COUNTRY FAR AWAY!

ITS BRILLIANCE OUT-SHINES THE SUN, OUT-TWINKLES THE STARS AND IS SO RICH THAT **EVERY** MAN UPON THE EARTH MIGHT BECOME LADEN WITH ITS SPLENDOR AND **NEVER** WOULD IT **DIMINISH** IN VOLUME.



"SO GREAT, THAT **EVERY** PERSON ON THE EARTH COULD SHARE IT TO BECOME **RICH** AND THE TREASURE WOULD NEVER GROW LESSER IN AMOUNT."

"I WOULD **NOT** ENTER THE PASAN TEMPLE FOR IT WAS **UNCLEAN** AND NOT **BLESSED** BY GOD! BUT THEREIN LIES OUR **DREAMS**. ONCE OUR HOLY BISHOP THEADON ENTERS THE SHRINE AND **BLESSES** THE WEALTH IT WILL BE **CONSECRATED** AND SUBJECT TO **LIBERATION**."



A MOUNTAIN KINGDOM, A HIDDEN WEALTH. **THE GREATEST** THE WORLD HAS EVER **KNOWN...**

AND GODLESS **INFIDELS**, PAGANS WHO DO NOT RECOGNIZE THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH AS THE ONLY TRUE RELIGION.

THEY ARE **SWINE** WHO REFUSE TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE CHURCH, WHO **REBUKE** OUR HOLY CRUSADES. HOW CAN YOU **ALLOW** THIS, FATHER?



HOW **INDEED?**

GOD BLESS YOU, WILLIAM. NOW **LEAVE** ME TO PRAY **ALONE**.





YOUR HOLINESS,  
THE LORD CHANCELLOR,  
PHILIP TENWALLS  
BEGS --



NOTHING, BOY.  
PHILIP  
TENWALLS  
BEGS  
NOTHING FROM  
ANYONE

EXCEPT FROM  
HIS NOBLE  
GRACIOUSNESS,  
THE MOST  
EXCELLENT  
TREADON



FIE! I KNOW  
WHAT BRINGS  
YOU HERE SO  
EARLY PHILIP  
YOU HEARD?

WHAT ELSE WOULD  
ARISE ME AT SIX  
IN THE MORNING?  
EVEN GOD DOESN'T  
GET UP AT SIX.

WHAT DO YOU  
INTEND TO DO?



DO?

OH DAMNIT ALL,  
TREADON! AFTER ALL,  
THESE GLADIUM  
SAVAGES ARE HIDDEN  
AWAY IN THEIR  
WRETCHED MOUNTAIN,  
SITTING ON PILES OF  
TREASURE-- GOD'S  
JAWZ, MAN!

TENWALLS!  
GOD'S NAME  
IS BURN?



AS MUCH  
MONEY AS I'VE  
GIVEN TO THE  
CHURCH. I  
SHOULD BE  
ABLE TO CALL  
THE POPE  
'BASTARD' OR  
HIS GOD-ANY  
NAME I  
CHOOSE!

DON'T DRAW  
YOUR WANKING  
PETTY ON ME!  
YOU MAY FOOL  
EVERYONE ELSE,  
MAYBE EVEN  
GOD, BUT NOT  
ME!



AH HE GO  
ON, PHILIP!  
YOU'VE A  
PLAN?

WE'VE GOT THESE  
GOOD CATHOLIC  
WARS TO  
SUPPORT.

DEMAND THE  
MOUNTAIN KINGDOM  
SEND DOWN THEIR  
TREASURES TO US!  
YIELD OR FACE GOD'S  
CHASTISEMENT UPON  
OUR SWORDPOINTS!



THE CHURCH MUST BE SERVED!  
WAR, NOBLE AND HOLY IS THE  
TRUE WAY TO PEACE! SO, WE'LL  
HAVE THAT TREASURE TO SEND  
ALONG TO ROME

ALL OF IT?

FIRSTLY ROME!  
SECONDLY  
TREADON FOR  
HIS NOBLE  
DEVOTION!

MY SON, WILLIAM, SAYS THE GLADIATORS ARE WEAK AND *SPINELESS* PEOPLE! THE MERE *THOUGHT* OF KILLING LEAVES THEM TREMBLING.

SURELY, WHEN I TELL THEM WE WANT THEIR WEALTH TO *FINANCE* A WAR HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD--

*PAW!* WE HAVE A WAR, RIGHT HERE TO FINANCE... A WAR ON *PERSONAL POVERTY!*



GIVE THIS TO JOHN WORRCOURT, TELL HIM HE IS TO TAKE IT TO THE MOUNTAIN KING AND RETURN WITH A *REPLY*.

FOR WHAT ITS WORTH!



THE DECEES HAD BEEN SENT OUT INTO THE MOUNTAIN SAYING, "*SURRENDER* UP YOUR WEALTH UNTO THE BISHOP OF MARA, LORD OF BOMBURGH, WHO ACTS IN BEHALF OF THE HOLY CITY OF ROME. *REFUSAL* SHALL BRING CONDEMNATION OF *TREASON!*"



AND SOON, THE *ANSWER* RETURNED.

CALL MY *GENERALE*. WAKE MY *SOLDIERS!* MOUNT YOUR HORSES! DRAW YOUR *SWORDS*! WE ENABARK WITHIN THE HOUR UPON A *HOLY MISSION!*



MORCOURT TELLS US THESE COWARDLY DOGS PREACH *GOODLESS* DOCTRINES, ALIEN TO THE CHURCH.

THEY *DESPISE* THE POPE AND HIS CABINET, CALLING HIM A *TYRANT* AND A *LIAR*, A *FEAR-INSPIRING MONARCH* WHO *DICTATES* RELIGION ONLY FOR HIS OWN GAIN!

THEY SAY THE POPE IS A *WAR-MONGER*, CREATING CONFLICT, INFLECTING OUTDATED BELIEFS, GROWING *FAT* ON WEALTH TAKED FOR WAR WHILE THE *LAMBS* ARE *BUTCHERED!*



PSHAW! WHAT *NERVE!*



THE DAY CAME TO FIND WAR-  
MAKINGS. BUT THE SUN FOUND  
NO OPENING THROUGH WHICH  
TO SHOW HER FACE.



FOG HUNG THICK LIKE GREY  
SHADOWS AND THE MOUNTAINS  
PROVED CHILL WITH GRIM FOG-  
BODING RINGS UPON THE  
NORTHWIND.

UPON THE CHILL WINGS OF  
SHAWN ONE THOUSAND  
MOUNTED CAVALRY STOOD  
SHIVERING IN THE COLD  
MIST, GRIM FACED THEADON,  
BISHOP GALLOPED AMONG  
THE RANKS BESTURING  
BLESSINGS UPON  
UPRAISED SWORDS.



AT LENGTH,  
THEADON TOOK  
HIS PLACE AT  
THE HEAD OF  
THE COLUMN

LISTEN WELL!  
THIS MOUNTAIN  
KING HAS  
ANSWERED OUR  
PLEA FOR THEIR  
TREASURE THAT  
WE MIGHT SUPPLY  
ROME WITH  
FUNDUS.



THEY SAY THEY WOULD SWARE A  
PORTION...IF IT WERE NOT USED IN  
THE NAME OF WAR!

A GREAT ROAR OF ANGER AND  
DISMAY WENT UP FROM THE RANKS.

SWARE? WHO  
ARE THESE  
HEATHENS?

TO DEIFY  
THEADON IS  
TO DEIFY GOD!

IT IS GOD'S  
WILL BE  
DONE! HEAVEN  
BE SERVED!

YES! WE  
WILL BE DONE!  
HEAVEN BE  
SERVED!

YET  
PRAISE BE TO  
GOD!



AND THUS RODE BRAVE  
THEADON AND HIS ARMY OF  
GOD'S WILL INTO THE  
MOUNTAIN.

I FORGOT TO TELL  
YOU THAT THERE IS  
A SPIRIT...A  
SUPERNATURAL  
THING I SURMISE  
THAT LIVES IN THE  
TEMPLE. GUARDING  
THE TREASURE, THEY  
PRAY TO THIS SPIRIT  
FOR PROTECTION.

I FIGURED,  
SO I BROUGHT  
ALONG MY  
SORCERER,  
BLACK IMAR.

IT MAY BE  
BLACK MAGIC  
BUT IT  
SERVES MY  
PURPOSES.



THUS IRONBURGH FOUND THE  
GENTLE SHEPHERDS AND  
FELL AMONG THEM BRUTALLY.



NOW I SHALL  
TAKE WHAT IS  
RIGHTFULLY  
MINE...IN THE  
NAME OF  
GOD!

PRaise  
be to GOD!  
PRaise be  
to  
THEODON!



FOR YOUR BRAVERY  
YOU SHALL **ALL** HAVE  
A PORTION OF THE  
TRE...

THEODON'S LIGHT FELL  
UPON THE **TREASURE**  
ITSELF. YET, HERE WAS  
**NO GLITTER OF GOLD,**  
NOR SPARKLE OF **JEWEL...**



...NOT **EVEN** THE DULL SHINE  
OF A SINGLE **TUPPENCE...**

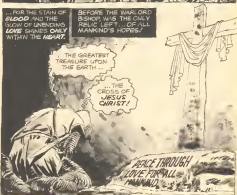


...FOR THE STAIN OF  
**BLOOD** AND THE  
GLOW OF UNENDING  
**LOVE** SHINES ONLY  
WITHIN THE **HEART.**

BEFORE THE MARLORD  
BISHOP, WAS THE ONLY  
RELIC LEFT... OF ALL  
MANKIND'S HOPES!

...THE GREATEST  
TREASURE UPON  
THE EARTH...

...THE  
CROSS OF  
JESUS  
CHRIST!



THUS, THEODON RODE BACK  
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN INTO  
THE POVERTY OF HIS VALLEY...



...NEVER AGAIN TO RAISE UP HIS  
SWORD IN THE NAME OF GOD!

MY NAME IS BOFFER BASS! I WAS BORN OF HONEST PARENTS IN ONE OF THE NUMBER WALKS OF LIFE! BUT MINE IS A **SAD** STORY...



MY FATHER MANUFACTURED **DOG OIL** AT HOME! IT IS REALLY THE MOST VALUABLE MEDICINE EVER DISCOVERED!



BUT THE OWNERS OF MISSING DOGS SOMETIMES REGARDED MY FATHER WITH **SUSPICION**...



MY MOTHER HAD A SMALL STUDIO IN OUR HOME WHERE SHE DISPOSED OF UNWANTED **BABES**!



SHE USED TO THROW THEIR **REMAINS** INTO THE RIVER, WHICH NATURE HAD THOUGHTFULLY PROVIDED FOR THAT PURPOSE!

LOOKING BACK, I SOMETIMES REGRET THAT BY INDIRECTLY BRINGING MY PARENTS TO THEIR **DEATHS**, I WAS THE AUTHOR OF MISFORTUNES PROFOUNDLY AFFECTING MY FUTURE...

AMBROSE BIERCE'S

# OIL OF DOG!

IN MY BOYHOOD I WAS FREQUENTLY  
EMPLOYED BY MY MOTHER TO CARRY  
AWAY THE *ARMORS* OF HER WORK!



THESE ERRANDS KEPT  
ME ON MY TOES! LAW  
OFFICERS WERE *OPPOSED*  
TO MY MOTHER'S  
BUSINESS!



THE MATTER HAD NEVER BEEN MADE A  
*POLITICAL* ISSUE! IT JUST HAPPENED  
THAT THEY WERE *AGAINST* US!



I ALSO ASSISTED MY FATHER IN *PROCURING* *DOGS* FOR HIS *VINE*!



MY FATHER'S BUSINESS WAS *LESS*  
UNPOPULAR THAN MY MOTHER'S!  
BUT MOST PEOPLE ARE UNWILLING  
TO MAKE PERSONAL SACRIFICES  
FOR THE RICK AND AFFLICTED!



HERE,  
BOY!

SOME OF THE FATTTEST  
DOGS IN TOWN WERE  
FORBIDDEN TO PLAY  
WITH ME! IT *PAINED* MY  
YOUNG SENSIBILITIES!



AT ONE POINT IT ALMOST DROVE ME TO BECOME  
A *PIRATE*!



THEN, ONE PARTICULAR EVENING, WHEN IN THE EMPLOY OF MY MOTHER I NOTICED A CONSTABLE WHO SEEMED TO BE WATCHING MY MOVEMENTS CLOSELY!



I KNEW THE CONSTABLE'S ACTS WERE PROMPTED BY THE MOST REPRHENSIBLE MOTIVES! I AVOIDED HIM BY PLUCKING INTO THE OILERY!

ALL I COULD DO, WAS HOPE THAT THE CONSTABLE WOULD SOON LEAVE.



WHILE IDLE, I LOOKED AT THE CHILD WHO HAD GIVEN ME TO DISPOSE. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BABY IT WAS. I WAS PASSIONATELY FOND OF CHILDREN...

THEN, A THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ME! I DARE NOT LEAVE THE OILERY FOR FEAR OF ARREST! SO WHAT WOULD IT MATTER IF I PUT THE BABY INTO FATHER'S CAULDRON? MY FATHER WOULD NEVER KNOW THE BONES FROM THOSE OF A PUPPY!

AND SO I TOOK MY FIRST STEP IN CRIME AND BROUGHT MYSELF UNTOLD SORROW BY CASTING THE BABE INTO THE CAULDRON!



I ALMOST WISHED IT WERE ALIVE...



THE FEW DEATHS WHICH MIGHT RESULT FROM THE NEW INGREDIENT COULD NOT BE IMPORTANT IN A POPULATION WHICH INCREASES SO RAPIDLY!



THE NEXT DAY MY FATHER RETURNED LATE FROM HIS DELIVERIES. I WAS IN A STATE OF APPREHENSION!



SOMEWHAT TO MY SURPRISE, MY FATHER INFORMED US HE HAD OBTAINED THE FINEST QUALITY OF OIL EVER SEEN! THE DOCTORS SAID SO!



I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! THE DOGS I USED LAST NIGHT WERE THE SAME AS USUAL!



I DEEMED IT MY DUTY TO EXPLAIN! MY PARENTS BEWAILED THEIR PREVIOUS IGNORANCE...



...AND IMMEDIATELY TOOK STEPS TO REPAIR THEIR ERROR BY COMBINING THEIR INDUSTRIES!



MY DUTIES CEASED! SO SUDDENLY THROWN INTO IDLENESS, I MIGHT HAVE BECOME VICIOUS AND DISSOLUTE, BUT DID NOT, BECAUSE OF MY UPRISING!



FINDING A **DOUBLE PROFIT** IN HER BUSINESS, MY MOTHER NOW DEVOTED HERSELF TO IT WITH A NEW DILIGENCE!



SHE WENT OUT INTO THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS, GATHERING IN CHILDREN OF A **LARGER GROWTH**...



...AND EVEN SUCH **ADULTS** AS SHE COULD ENTICE TO THE OILERY!



THE CONVERSION OF THEIR NEIGHBORS INTO **OGG OIL** BECAME THE ONE PASSION OF MY PARENTS' LIVES!



IN APOSSORING AND OVERWHELMING GREED TOOK POSSESSION OF THEIR SOULS!



AT LAST A COMMITTEE OF DOUBTLESSLY **MISLED** LOCAL RESIDENTS **CALLED** ON THEM WITH AN INVITATION...



THAT NIGHT THEY ATTENDED A PUBLIC MEETING!  
THEIR ATTEMPTS AT RATIONAL DIALOGUE WERE  
UNSUCCESSFUL!



RESOLUTIONS WERE PASSED  
SEVERELY CENSURING THEM!



IT WAS INTIMIDATED BY  
THE CHAIRMAN THAT  
ANY FURTHER AIMS ON  
THE POPULATION WOULD  
BE MET IN A SPIRIT OF  
HOSTILITY!



MY POOR PARENTS LEFT THE MEETING  
BROKEN-HEARTED, DESPERATE AND, I  
BELIEVE, NOT ALTOGETHER *SANE*!



ANYHOW, I DEEMED IT PRUDENT NOT TO STAY IN THE  
HOUSE THAT NIGHT, BUT SLEPT *OUTSIDE* INSTEAD!



AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT, SOME MYSTERIOUS **IMPULSE** CAUSED ME TO RISE AND PEER INTO THE OLLERY, WHERE MY FATHER NOW SLEPT!



FROM THE LOOKS MY FATHER CAST AT THE DOOR OF MY MOTHER'S ROOM, I KNEW TOO WELL WHAT HE HAD IN MIND.



SUDDENLY MY MOTHER OPENED THE DOOR; THE TWO CONFRONTED EACH OTHER! SPEECHLESS AND MOTIONLESS WITH TERROR, I COULD DO **NOTHING!**



SHE HELD THE TOOL OF HER TRADE; SHE TOO HAD BEEN UNABLE TO DENY HERSELF THE LAST PROFIT!

MY ABSENCE LEFT HER NO CHOICE BUT MY FATHER!

FOR ONE INSTANT THEY LOOKED EACH OTHER'S BLAZING EYES!



...THEN THEY SPRANG TOGETHER WITH UN-DESCRIBABLE FURY!



ROUND AND ROUND THE  
ROOM THEY STRUGGLED!

THE MAN *CURSING!*

THE WOMAN *SHRIEKING!*

THEN MY FATHER, MORTALLY  
WOUNDED, *LEAPED* INTO THE  
CALDRON, TAKING MY  
MOTHER WITH HIM!

IN A MOMENT BOTH  
HAD *DISAPPEARED...*

...ADDING *THEIR OIL* TO  
THAT OF THE FEW  
UNFORTUNATE LOCAL  
RESIDENTS, *ALREADY*  
IN THE MIXTURE!

CONVINCED THAT THESE  
UNHAPPY EVENTS CLOSED  
TO ME EVERY AVENUE  
TO AN HONORABLE  
CAREER IN THAT TOWN I  
MOVED TO THE *CITY...*

...WHERE THESE  
MEMOIRS ARE  
WRITTEN WITH A  
HEART FULL OF  
REMORSE OVER SO  
DISHAL A *COMMER-*  
*CIAL DISASTER!*

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# GANGSTER HOME MOVIES

Thrills Galore On 200' Reels, Sup Or Reg 8

Here are the great stars in action-packed gangster films that you can own and show in your home. Bogart, Cagney, Kirk Douglas, Rod Steiger. Just some of the names represented by these fine home movies.

**KIRK DOUGLAS IN DETECTIVE STORY**  
One of the best films of the year. Kirk Douglas, in the role of a detective, solves the case of a man who has been shot. The film is a masterpiece of the detective genre.

**LAWRENCE TIERNEY AS DILLINGER**  
Here is the true story of a gangster who was one of the most famous of his time. The film is a masterpiece of the gangster genre.

**ROD STEIGER IS AL CAPONE**  
Here is the true story of a gangster who was one of the most famous of his time. The film is a masterpiece of the gangster genre.

**JAMES CAGNEY IN PUBLIC ENEMY**  
This is one of the great films of the year. James Cagney, in the role of a gangster, solves the case of a man who has been shot. The film is a masterpiece of the detective genre.

# FULL-COLOR REPRINTS OF EC COMICS!

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100 PAGES  
100 PAGES  
100 PAGES  
100 PAGES  
100 PAGES  
100 PAGES  
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100 PAGES  
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**WEIRD SCIENCE**  
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100 PAGES  
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Tales of Nightmare  
Tales of Nightmare  
Tales of Nightmare  
Tales of Nightmare  
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Tales of Nightmare  
Tales of Nightmare  
Tales of Nightmare  
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**EDGAR ALLEN POE'S TALES OF HORROR**  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror  
Tales of Horror

**EDGAR ALLEN POE'S HOUSE OF FRIGHT**  
House of Fright  
House of Fright  
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House of Fright  
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A \$2.50 FIASCO!  
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Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle  
Creepy Castle

**MONSTER MATCH**  
Werewolf Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game

**MONSTER MATCH**  
Werewolf Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game  
Capture Game

# SUPER-DELUXE SPOOKTACULAR CREEPY & EERIE MASKS!

**UNCLE CREEPY DELUXE MASK**  
Cousin Eerie Deluxe Mask  
Both the vinyl & the rubber budget masks, represented above, look alike, but the vinyl is sturdier, more heavy-duty. Both these masks of mask cover the entire head, too. Such a bargain! You probably want all six: Deluxe, Vinyl & Rubber, to hold super CREEPY & EERIE parties!

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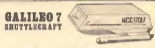
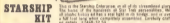


## SUPER-HERO HOBBY KITS

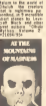
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**THE DEAD MAN'S RAFT**—an astonishing range of cut-out scenes for you to paste into your book. You'll find the Dead Man's Raft in the Land of the Dead! It looks like a scene from the movie, with a skeleton crew of pirates, a sailing ship, and a treasure map. The Dead Man's Raft is a scene from the movie, with a skeleton crew of pirates, a sailing ship, and a treasure map.

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# WARREN POSTERS



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### PREHISTORIC (Monster) ANIMALS



### PREHISTORIC (Monster) ANIMALS



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High in the Capetown Mountains a mad scientist works to revive the Frankenstein monster. And he succeeds in his quest for the living corpse in the end. But with a certain amount of help from the Wolfman, he is able to bring back the dead. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN'.

### DOOM OF DRACULA



Dracula's return is a mad scientist who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'DOOM OF DRACULA'.

### THE INVISIBLE MAN



This is the original mad scientist who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'THE INVISIBLE MAN'.

### HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN



A follow up feature to 'Doom of Dracula' which tells the story of the mad scientist who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN'.

### THE ORIGINAL MUMMY



One of the most popular mad scientists who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'THE ORIGINAL MUMMY'.

### THE MUMMY'S GHOST



Here is an exciting sequel to the Mummy. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'THE MUMMY'S GHOST'.

### REVENGE OF THE CREATURE



A sequel to the original 'Creature' which tells the story of the mad scientist who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'REVENGE OF THE CREATURE'.

### I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF



One of the most popular mad scientists who creates the monster of the future. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF'.

### RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE



This is the big and exciting sequel to the Vampire. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE'.

### RETURN OF DRACULA



Dracula is back in the land of the living. The story is told by the creature of the future. Author John H. Love's 'RETURN OF DRACULA'.

### MAN-MADE MONSTER



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### TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA



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